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JULY 2000
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SOUTH TOWER HOSPITAL, NEW YORK, 1999:
HUH. A HOSPICE RINGING WITH THE CRIES OF THE MAIMED. IT'S NO BETTER THAN WHEN I WAS IN LONDINIUM IN THE 1940S...
EXCUSE ME? I'M ANDRAS. I'M LOOKING FOR A SOPHIA BANGS?
LOOK, I'M SORRY, WE HAVE AN EMERGENCY GOING ON...
YOU SURE DO, LADY. OF BIBLICAL PROPORTIONS. NOW, WHERE IS SOPHIA BANGS?
SIR, WE'VE JUST HAD A BOMB EXPLODE OUT FRONT. MAYBE IF YOU TRIED LATER...
AH, THIS TAKES ME BACK.
WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME ANYONE CALLED UP ALL OF US?
THAT WOULD BE THE CROWLEY/MATHER FEUD, AROUND 1904, 1905...
HA! REMEMBER THE LOOK ON CROWLEY'S FACE?
HA HA HA HA...
GUYS? THE LADY WON'T DO THIS THE EASY WAY, SO LET'S DO IT OUR WAY, HUH?
OKAY, SIR, THAT'S ENOUGH. I'M CALLING...
...SECURITY...

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THERE. NOW LOOK WHAT YOU MADE US DO!
AAAAA!
ALL RIGHT, FELLOWS. THE OTHERS ARE ON THEIR WAY IN. WE'RE LOOKING FOR SOPHIA BANGS, AND THAT WHORE WITH THE CADUCEUS.
SEARCH AND DESTROY.
JESUS. WHERE'S MAYOR BASKERVILLE? SOMEBODY MAKE SURE HE'S ALL RIGHT...
WHAT'S HAPPENING? DID THE PAINTED DOLL SET OFF ANOTHER TEDDY-BOMB, OR...?
THINGS! TH-THERE'S THINGS IN THE HOSPITAL!
OH GOD. OH GOD...
"THINGS"? OKAY, BOB, YOU, STAN AND KENNETH KEEP GUARDING MARV. I'LL GO SEE WHAT THIS IS ABOUT...
HOLY VIRGIN. ROGER, BEHIND YOU, PAL...
THERE'S ANOTHER ONE! OH MY GOD, THEY'RE EVERYWHERE!
I AM BLUER.
I AM A GREAT PRESIDENT, AND GOVERN FIFTY LEGIONS.
WHERE IS THE GIRL?
B-BOB? THAT CREATURE... AND THE EGYPTIAN WOMAN WE SAW... THIS IS ALL SOMEHOW CONNECTED WITH MAGIC!
NNGRRAAAH!
KENNETH, GET REAL! THIS IS A DIVERSION BY THE PAINTED DOLL!
MAGIC HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH THIS...

JEEZ. LADIES, I THINK WE GOT OUR TIT IN THE MANGLE. THE ENTIRE HOWLING IS SWARMING ON THAT HOSPITAL...
OH DEAR. THEN THAT'S RATHER THE END FOR SOPHIE, ISN'T IT? WE DIDN'T PREPARE HER SUFFICIENTLY...
I JUST LEFT HER. WHAT'S HAPPENING?
UGH. HE GIVES ME A BAD FEELING. WHO IS HE, BARBARA?
THAT'S THE PAINTED DOLL. HE'S THIS CELEBRITY PSYCHO WHO WOUNDED ONE OF THOSE SCIENCE HEROES WE SAW.
I GUESS HE'S PICKED TONIGHT TO COME BACK AND FINISH THE JOB.
THEY'RE HARANGUING THIS MULTIPLE-PERSONALITY MAYOR WHO'S VISITING THE HOSPITAL. CAN'T WE SEE SOPHIE?
AH, THERE SHE IS, IN HER WARD WITH THAT STACIA KID, AND... JEEZ, IS THAT SOPHIE'S MOM?
SHE IS WAY TOO OLD FOR THAT OUTFIT...
OOH, THOSE EYEBROWS! HE'S JUST GOT TO BE THE ONE DIRECTING THE DEMONS, BENNY... SOLOMON, WAS IT?
HE HAS BEEN NAUGHTY! UM.
QUIET, MARGIE. WHO ARE THOSE PROTESTORS?
ALL THOSE TORTURE QUEENS FROM THE HOWLING AGAINST ONE GIRL, AND ALL WE CAN DO IS WATCH!
DEMONS... AND THERE ALSO SEEM TO BE SOME UNUSUAL HUMAN COMPLICATIONS GOING ON...
I RATHER LIKE THAT MANNISH YOUNG WOMAN. ISN'T THAT BUER SHE'S WRESTLING?
SHE'S JUST SOME NEW YORK SCIENCE HERO. THERE'S WORSE THAN HER AT THAT HOSPITAL TONIGHT...
I MEAN, EVEN IF SOPHIE CHANGES TO PROMETHEA, SHE'S STILL OUTNUMBERED. WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?
WE'RE IMMATERIAL, BILL. THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO... AND WE DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO TEACH HER ENOUGH...
HEY, QUIET, EVERYBODY. SOMETHING'S HAPPENING...
LISTEN, WHAT'S WITH THIS PLACE? MY DAUGHTER'S JUST OUT OF HER COMA, THERE'S THIS EXPLOSION, EVERYBODY'S YELLING...
MOM, SHUT UP. DOCTOR, WHAT'S HAPPENING?
I-IT'S... LOOK, WE HAVE TO STAY IN HERE, OKAY?
MONSTERS. THERE'S DOZENS OF MONSTERS IN THE HOSPITAL.
WE GAVE YOU THE CUP OF COMPASSION, THE SWORD OF REASON, THE PENTACLE OF EARTHLY THINGS...
... AND I GAVE YOU THE WAND OF YOUR WILL WHEN WE FIRST MET.
COME ON, SOPHIE. WE GAVE YOU WEAPONS TO BEAT THIS.
JUST USE IT, GIRL!
MONSTERS? JEEZ, ARE YOU SERIOUS? WHY ISN'T SOMEBODY DOING SOMETHING?
UH, LOOK, CAN'T WE GET OUT A WINDOW OR WHATEVER?
THEY'RE ALL OVER THE OUTSIDE OF THE BUILDING AS WELL. I-IT'S LIKE THE END OF THE WORLD.
THERE'S THINGS WITH ANIMAL HEADS...
MY PEN.
SOMEBODY GET ME MY PEN.

YOUR PEN? DID THAT COMA GIVE YOU BRAIN DAMAGE? SHE SAID THERE'S MONSTERS! WHAT, ARE YOU GOING TO WRITE A POEM ABOUT IT?
YES, MOM, THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I'M GOING TO DO! NOW SHUT UP, OKAY?
H-HERE'S THE PEN, SOPH...

YOU'RE USELESS! YOU KIDS, YOU'RE USELESS IN AN EMERGENCY! WE SHOULD BARRICADE THE DOOR!
THAT'S NO GOOD. TH-THEY WERE WALKING THROUGH THINGS...
SOPHIE? I-IS THIS GOING TO WORK?
I DON'T KNOW, STACE. JUST LET ME THINK...
There were four women
Four women

Four women, and all
Hell ~~is~~ was at the door,
And so I thought where
none had thought before.
My plan was sound. There
was no ~~sacred law~~ Holy writ,
No predetermined rule
forbidding it.

Had not past writers
made their ~~loves~~
loved ones be
A vessel for their Muse's
majesty?
Yet it occurred to me to
~~attempt~~ do still more,
For, if with one, why not
with three or four?

That doctor, such ~~love~~
compassion in her face,
Who seemed to me not
unlike Margaret Case...
Might thus provide
a fleshly chariot for
That loving ~~angel~~ seraph
from the fields of Wae.

Or might my Mother's life contain less ~~strife~~ harm
If she possessed Bill Woolcott's female charm?

Would my companion Stacia's caustic wit
Together with Grace Brannagh's make a fit?

That fortunate ~~event~~ eventuality
Would leave nobody untransformed save me.

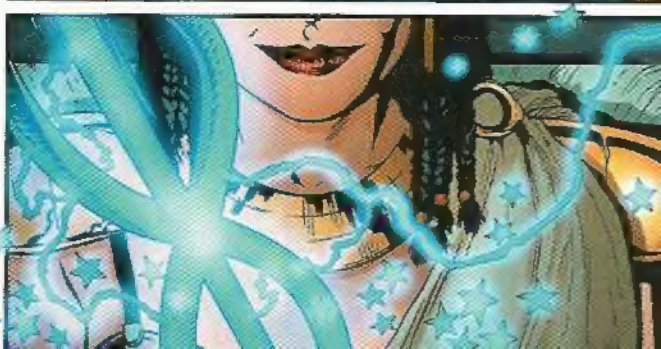
~~As~~ for Myself, I'll conjure with a single line
The fiction of a ~~woman~~ mortal made divine.

Eyes dark with kohl, her breath like ocean breeze,
There in her hand the wand of swift Hermes.

Winged god of ~~writers~~ scribes, who writes the fates of men
With the Caduceus as his wand, his pen.

By his art, let Her blazing form descend
On me, alike with Mother, stranger, friend.

And in each soul let burn a single star
Whose light is all Mankind's:



promethea.
Alan Moore – writer
J. H. Williams III – penciller
– co-creators –
MY DEAR GIRL, YOU'VE MANIFESTED US! AND ALL AT ONCE!
I CAN'T SAY I LIKE THE MATERIAL YOU HAD TO WORK WITH, BUT I'M TERRIBLY IMPRESSED, DARLING...
SOPHIE, NOBODY'S EVER THOUGHT OF DOING THIS BEFORE...
I...SOPHIE WAS DESPERATE. THAT NURSE I USED TO BRING MARGARET THROUGH SAID THERE WERE DEMONS ALL OVER THE HOSPITAL...
YES. IT'S THE ENTIRE GOETIA.
WHAT PUZZLES ME IS WHICH OF US IS PROMETHEA NOW? THE ORIGINAL LITTLE GIRL PROMETHEA?

"Guys and Dolls"
Mick Gray- inker Jeromy Cox- colors
Todd Klein- letters Jeff Marotte-
asst. editor
Scott Dunbier-
editor
ALL
OF
US
ARE.

GGHUHN?
AND WHAT IN BLOODY SCREAMING HEAVEN ARE YOU SUPPOSED TO BE?
WE ARE ART AND WE ARE MIND.
WE ARE PROMETHEA. I'M RATHER AFRAID YOU'RE ALL GOING TO DIE, POPPETS.
WE ARE BEAUTY.
WE ARE LOVE.

THEY HAVE THE SMELL OF MYRRH AND WOMANHOOD. DO YOU RECOGNIZE THE RANK AND ORDER OF THEM, PRINCELY STOLAS?
ILL-STARRED EARL RONOVE. SATURN IS STRONG BEHIND THEM. THIS IS HIGH, BLACK FEMALE POWER. I DO NOT LIKE IT.
NO. NOR I...
THESE BUGS ARE ALL OVER THIS HOSPICE. WE'D BEST GO IN SEPARATE DIRECTIONS.
SOPHIE? ARE YOU OKAY ALONE? WE TAUGHT YOU CUPS, SWORDS AND COINS, BUT NOT WANDS. WE DIDN'T TEACH YOU WILL...
THEN I'LL IMPROVISE. THAT'S SOPHIE'S SPECIALTY.
LET'S TAKE THEM.
HUAGGH...
AGARES? JESU'S TEETH...
SH-SHE'S HURT ME! SHE'S GOT A CADUCEUS...
FALL BACK, GOOD DUKES AND PRINCES. LEAVE THE KINGS TO SETTLE WITH HER. BAEL OR ASMODAY...
MARCHOSIAS SAID SHE WAS STRONG...
ACTUALLY, THERE'S AT LEAST SIX OF HER, YOU LITTLE SMEAR OF CELESTIAL CRAP, EVEN IF ANNA HERE IS A NON-COMBATANT...
...BUT SINCE SOPHIE LEFT ME OUT OF HER GIRLS' OUTING, I GUESS I HAVE TO MAKE MY OWN ARRANGEMENTS.
OKAY, HERE GOES...
...BUT HE DID NOT SAY THERE WERE FOUR OF HER...

GOD STEVE, BABY, I WISH YOU WERE HERE. IT WAS YOU HAD THE IMAGINATION...
YOU IMAGINED I WAS BEAUTIFUL, FOR GOD'S SAKE...
OKAY
OKAY, LET'S DO THIS
HOLD ON, SOPHIE THIS AIN'T OVER TILL THE FAT LADY SINGS.
YOU WANT WANDS, I'LL SHOW YOU WANDS. YOU WANT WILL...
...I'LL SHOW YOU WILL!
SIEGE OF SOUTH TOWER, INCIDENT ONE: THE FAT LADY SINGS

MH-WHAT'S ALL THAT NOISE UPSTAIRS? N-WE HAVE TO MAINTAIN OUR PERIMETER..
MY METERS SAY THEY'RE SOME KINDA CONDENSED ENERGY! I DUNNO HOW ROGER IS EVEN TOUCHING IT...
BOB, MAN, FORGET IT. THESE THINGS HAVE THE WHOLE BUILDING!
ONE SIDE, BIG BOY.
WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE DOLLY DEMON HERE IS UP PAST HER BEDTIME. COME ON, MISS PURGATORY, YOU'RE LEAVING.
RRRRGHH! WHO ARE...?
OH, I'M BILL...
...AND I'M THE PHYSICAL ONE
=HHQUKK=
GOOD GOD...
KRRRRK
OH, I'M NOT REALLY A GOD, BUT STILL, SWEET OF YOU
HMM. SO YOU USED TO BE A MAN? YOU KNOW, HON, WE SHOULD TALK SOMETIME.
ANYWAY, BETTER RUN. I SAW MARGARET UP AGAINST A KING DOWN THE HALL
CIAO.
R-ROGER, THAT WAS A DIFFERENT WOMAN! THE ONE WE SAW LAST NIGHT WAS...
KENNETH, DON'T SAY ANYTHING, OKAY?
DON'T SAY A £$%&ING WORD.
SIEGE OF SOUTH TOWER, INCIDENT TWO: BILL AND MARGARET, JUMPING BAIL
13 FLOOR
LAB
HMM. SOUNDS NOISIER THAN I WAS EXPECTING OUT THERE TONIGHT
I HEARD THE MAYOR WAS IN. YOU HEAR THAT?
NO? OH, WELL...
WISH ME LUCK, LOVES.
MY PUBLIC AWAITS.
OH.
NOW, THIS IS NEW.
I DON'T THINK I'VE KILLED ANY OF THOSE BEFORE.

SIEGE OF SOUTH TOWER, INCIDENT THREE: DOLLTIME
OH LOOK. THEY'VE SENT IN THE CLOWNS...
WHAT ARE YOU SHOOTING AT, LUDICROUS CREATURE?
WE'RE FROM THE HOWLING. WE CAN'T BE KILLED.
REALLY?
NOW THERE'S A CHALLENGE

BACK!
BACK, OR BEAR THE SCARS OF ME FOR-EVER!
YOU SEE? I TOLD YOU! I TOLD YOU SHE WAS SOME SORT OF MONSTER...
BARBARA? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? I DIDN'T HAVE ENOUGH BODIES TO BRING YOU THROUGH...
I'VE STILL GOT A BODY, REMEMBER? IT SHOULD LAST LONG ENOUGH TO DO WHAT'S NECESSARY.
HOW ABOUT YOU? HOLDING UP?
I--I THINK SO. I STILL FEEL LIKE THERE'S PART OF ME I'M NOT USING...
IT'S THE SOUL, SOPHIE. THE HIGHER SELF. THE WILL. THE WAND
JUST LET IT COME. LET IT OPEN ITS WINGS...
BACK! FALL BACK!
BRRRAAARRGH! SHE BURNS! WHAT IS THIS LOVELY THING THAT BURNS, ASMODAY?
WALK-IN, YOUR HIGHNESS, AS WE REPORTED. SHE'S SOMETHING UNFAMILIAR.
IT'S ALL RIGHT. WE CAN RETREAT. THE PATH BEHIND US IS...
...CLEAR...
DARLINGS

SIEGE OF SOUTH TOWER, INCIDENT FOUR: SOPHIE EARNS HER WINGS
WHAT'S HAPPENING IN THERE? WHAT ARE THOSE BLUE FIREBURSTS?
THIS IS TAKING MY GUYS WAY TOO LONG.
WH-WHATEVER YOU SAY, MR. SOLOMON...
I MEAN, IT'S FELT WRONG FROM THE START. TOO MUCH UNEXPECTED STUFF.
THAT NUTCASE MAYOR VISITING, THESE PROTESTORS, THAT BOMB.
AND NOW THERE'S...
THERE! I THOUGHT YOU WERE THE ONE WHO BROUGHT THE HALLOWEEN PARADE ALONG!
WELL, EVERYBODY? DON'T JUST STAND THERE...
HOW WAS I?

..UHH...
HUH?
COME ON, WHAT DID YOU THINK?
NO, HONESTLY..

UH-OH.
SOLOMON IS DEAD, YOUR HIGHNESS. OUR COMMAND CENTER IS DOWN...
MWUHHRR! THEN WE ARE SOLDIERS ABANDONED IN ENEMY TERRITORY!
WE ARE STUCK FAST HERE!
NO! WE SHALL FIND A BUNKER!
MEH-EH-EHRR! RALLY UNTO ASMODAY! LET US REDUCE IN FORM...

SIEGE OF SOUTH TOWER, INCIDENT FIVE: BLOW-UP DOLL
...LET US REDUCE IN FORM AND FIND A BUNKER. SOMEWHERE WITH ROOM FOR ALL OF US..
GRACE? BARBARA? WH- WHAT ARE THEY DOING?
THEY'RE GETTING SMALLER, BUT IT DOESN'T LOOK RIGHT IT'S AS IF...
I KNOW. IT'S AS IF THEY'RE RECEDING RATHER THAN SHRINKING. AS IF THE IDEA OF THEM WERE MOVING FURTHER AWAY.
DISGUSTING LITTLE STINKBUGS...
Y-YEAH, WELL, THAT'S THE GOETIA: A MILLION INSECTS HOWLIN' IN THE DESERT NIGHT. I WONDER WHERE THEY'RE RETREATIN' TO...?
MR MAYOR, R-REALLY I THINK WE SHOULD STAY PUT UNTIL THIS ... THIS INCIDENT IS OVER..
NO! Pwease, mister! Take me home! Little Sonny is scared!
EHM, SHADDUP, YA BED-WETTIN' LITTLE PUNK! TAKE YER MEDICINE LIKE A MAN!
BEGORRAH! WAIT! WHAT'S THAT..
...BUZZING...

SIEGE OF SOUTH TOWER, INCIDENT SIX: THE TEMPTATION OF ST. SONNY
UGGH! WHAT'S...
TH-THEY'RE GONE. W-WAS THAT EVEN REAL? I THOUGHT I SAW, LIKE, A SWARM OF INSECTS...
SO DID I. M-MAYBE WE'RE STRESSED...
BUT...THAT WAS SO WEIRD! IT WASN'T EVEN, LIKE, ALL ONE KIND OF BUG. THEY ALL LOOKED DIFFERENT...
UH...MR. MAYOR? ARE YOU OKAY?
WE'RE FINE
NOW, IF YOU'LL ESCORT US TO OUR TRANSPORT...
...WE HAVE WORK TO DO.
AHHH...
THANK GOODNESS FOR THAT THAT INFERNAL CHITTERING IN MY HEAD HAS STOPPED. THEY'RE GONE.
WE'D PROBABLY BEST BE GONE OURSELVES, BEFORE THIS ERA'S POLICEMEN ARRIVE...

MARGARET HAS A POINT, GIRLS.
DON'T FORGET TO WIPE OUR VESSEL'S MEMORIES CLEAN ON OUR WAY OUT. SOPHIE HAS ENOUGH EXPLAINING TO DO ALREADY.
WELL, NATURALLY. I ALWAYS LIKE TO LEAVE A MIND AS I FOUND IT...
G-GOODBYE, SOPHIE. S-SEE YOU SOONNNHHHH...
W-WE'LL ALL SEE YOU SOON, BABY. Y-YOU TAKE CARE NOWuHHHHH...
SOPHIE, TAKE A WARRIOR'S ADVICE: PRESS YOUR ADVANTAGE. DON'T LET THE TEMPLE GET AWAY WITH DOING THIS TO YOU AND BARBARA...
BARBARA? BUT...OH JEEZ! BARBARA, ARE YOU OKAY?
FINE, JUST WINDED.
NONSENSE. SHE'S DYING. IT'S JUST SHE'S A VERY, VERY BRAVE LITTLE LATINA GIRL, AREN'T YOU DARLING?
L-LOOK AFTER HER. S-SEE THAT SH-SHE'S C-COMFORTABLHHHH...
£$%& YOU, GRACE. I'M OKAY.
LISTEN, KID, WORRY ABOUT YOURSELF. Y-YOU WANNA BE SOPHIE WHEN THE COPS ARRIVE...
I CAN DO THAT. I KNOW HOW TO LET GO OF BEING PROMETHEA. BUT WHAT ABOUT YOU?
OH, DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME. I CAN LET GO OF BEING PROMETHEA JUST FINE.
SEE? THERE SHE GOES, BOILING AWAY INTO THE BLUE...
HEH HEH...

O-OKAY, I'M DOING IT TOO. I'M THINKING ABOUT SOPHIE. ABOUT HER JEANS LEAVING MARKS AROUND HER BELLY.
ABOUT HER GODDAMN TERM PAPER...
TH-THAT'S GOOD...
NNNuHHHHH. BARBARA? I-I'M...
SHUSH. JUST LET HER GO. IT'S EASY LETTING GO IS EASY.
W-WE LET GO OF BEING CHILDREN...
WE...LET GO OF BEING YOUNG...AND PRETTY.
WE LET GO... OF BEING PROMETHEA. WE...LET GO...OF...
...EVERYTHING...
BARBARA?
BARBARA?
NEXT

# Bringing Down The Temple!

# IMAGINARY LINES

Write to us at 7910 Ivanhoe Ave., Suite 438, La Jolla, CA 92037, email: promethea@wildstorm.com. All letters appreciated!

Dear Imaginary Liners,

Can I tell you again that *Promethea* is still my favorite ABC comic? Forget how great everything else in this issue was. Don't even consider how fantastic the flash back between the Five Swell Guys and the Painted Doll was. Dismiss the possible collision course with Promethea, Mayor Baskerville has set himself on with his tour of the city's hospitals. Ignore the looming threat of Solomon and his hordes. What I am getting the most enjoyment out of are the Prometheas and the Immateria! There's so much going on there and so much that could go on there. The villainous pseudonym Marto Neptura was another marvelous facet of the Immateria and Promethea's land. What a fertile land for stories the Immateria is! If a single being composed of many hacks can exist in Immateria, then couldn't all the different Promethea's imagined by the fans of past Prometheas also exist? Perhaps there is a land of reject-Prometheas, misshapen and illogically visualized by all of their fans' speculation. And if the Immateria contains anything imagined, does it also contain a region for everything which is going to be imagined? Could future Prometheas, brimming with latent, not yet imagined power, dwell in this land? And outside, in the real world (the Materia?), what will happen as Sophie becomes more Promethea and less Sophie? Currently she speaks as both characters, will she be forced to choose between one of the two voices? And could retaining her human mind in the Promethea body be a greater advantage than relinquishing completely to Promethea? And what would Promethea think about a resistant host? I guess what I'm trying to say is that Promethea is a wondrous Pandora's Box of ideas and I hope that box never closes.

Dan Membiela

Dan, feel free to tell us that as often as you'd like. We're not proud. We like to hear it.

Dear Anonymous,

I don't really think comic book letter columns should operate as a forum for political debate (well, maybe a little), but I just had to respond to my namesake, since he's obviously under some misconceptions. I'll try to keep it short. I don't know if the Brooklyn Museum receives funds from the NEA (more than likely), but Rudy was threatening to revoke the institution's local funding if it didn't shut down the show. By the way, the annual amount each taxpayer gives to the NEA is $.32. Thirty-two cents. We don't have line-item vetoes on our tax forms; I don't attend football games or give a damn about the sport, but my taxes help pay for the new stadium; I don't drive or own a car, but my taxes help construct highways and bridges. I do visit museums, and I enjoy seeing challenging, thought-provoking shows, much like what Rudy doesn't want me to see, much like, I suppose, the "itsy-bitsy fraction of the population" Patrick mentions. Wasn't democracy designed to protect the rights of the minority? Giuliani and his "loyal base, both inside the city and out?" A majority of New Yorkers, something like 65-70%, thought Rudy was out of bounds. The Brooklyn Museum is the poor relative of the other leading cultural institutions, literally and figuratively located on the other side of the (East) River. In other words, an easy target. Concurrent to the "Sensations" show, the Whitney was exhibiting Serrano's notorious "PISS/CHRIST," the infamous target of former NEA battles. Two years ago there was nudity at Lincoln Center. The Met is exhibiting rock & roll fashions of drug-taking homosexual iconoclasts. Not a peep about any of this. Why? These cultural powerhouses have too many potential campaign donors sitting on their boards. And let's not forget it's an election year. Republicans are always invoking "morality" and "family values" to enact repressive legislation. However, Washington pretty much kept its mouth shut while Rudy kept sticking his foot in his, only sending out a few junior congressional attack dogs to the cameras for early support and quickly retreating. The Catholic League is a self-appointed (self-righteous) watchdog committee unaffiliated with the Catholic Church. The Catholic Church remained silent during the brouhaha. Patrick, one last question: Did you see the show? The painting in questions wasn't "smeared" with elephant dung, as reported by the media. If one didn't know it was elephant dung, one wouldn't be able to identify it as such. The artist has stated that the substance is sacred in his country, symbolizing fertility and rebirth. Might we attempt to learn about other cultures rather than condemn what we don't understand, or desire not to? Personally, I don't want anyone telling me what I can or can't see, read, listen to, etc. Government shouldn't be dictating mine or anyone else's morality, they should be building those highways. How dare a self-serving, opportunistic politician tell me what's right or wrong? By the way, I'm loving *Promethea*, including the letter column.

Jeff DeMos
New York, NY

Two observations born of years of letter-column editing: 1) when a writer begins with, "I don't think a letter column should be..." that's exactly what he or she is about to turn it into, and 2) when the writer says, "I'll keep it short," he or she doesn't. Which is not to say that we didn't appreciate the letter, Jeff. Letter columns that spark lively debate are always the most interesting, and, frankly, we just can't see how we could publish a book like *Promethea* without generating some controversy. Many letters

J.H. WILLIAMS III
and MICK GRAY
Cover art

ALEX SINCLAIR
Cover color

TODD KLEIN
Cover logo and design

JIM LEE
Editorial Director

JOHN NEE
VP & General Manager

SCOTT DUNBIER
Group Editor

this month took on Patrick's earlier letter about the Brooklyn Museum, and we're not going to run them all, but yours summed the alternate viewpoint up quite nicely. We only wish all the readers could see the happy face stamps on your envelope...

Dear Alan, Scott and Co.

Of all the ABC titles, for me *Promethea* was the hardest to get into. A girl who leaves the real world to become a "Living Story" and lives in the world of the Imagination? A long line of women who become Promethea, when they develop an interest in the Promethea legend? The Promethea stories and legends becoming as real as the real world ? I just could not get my mind around these concepts until I read an interview with Alan, on the Internet. The interview had nothing to do with ABC comics and made no mention of Promethea. It was all about magic.

In this interview, Alan told how magic and creativity were linked and that writing, in itself, was a powerful form of magic. He mentioned how cartoonists Carol Lay and Robert Crumb said they had to be careful about what they wrote into their cartoons, not making them too negative, as the things in their cartoons would probably happen in real life. I remembered another interview with Grant Morrison, saying something similar. He said that when King Mob in The Invisibles (a comic Morrison says is, itself, magic) was going through a tough time, he (Morrison) would also go through similar bad things. So he started writing King Mob having a better time and Morrison's own life got better.

As I read the interview with Alan, I began to have a new insight into the thinking behind *Promethea*. It is not so much that I understood *Promethea* more, but that I accepted it more. The world of the Imagination becoming real. Words having magical powers. It all makes a lot more sense now and my enjoyment of *Promethea* has increased immensely. In issue 6, Sophie defeats Marto Neptura, by reciting her Term Paper. She quotes the passage about how Neptura is a pseudonym for lots of writers and by doing so "deconstructs" him. Before, I would have been scratching my head and thinking, "What?" But now I get it. The power of words and the Imagination. That is how Neptura was created and defeated. I would not say he was destroyed. Can you destroy an idea or an imagined concept, which is what he was.

At the end of the letters page of issue 6 there is a picture of the cover of issue 7. Is that everyone's favorite magician John Constantine with Promethea? You probably gave him another name, but we all know who he is. Lastly, the artwork is fantastic. The Egyptian style borders and decorations are a really great touch.

Yours,
Kieron Stynes
Dublin, Ireland

Not John Constantine, as you know by now. But you're not the only reader who thought trenchcoat-wearin' FBI agent Dirk Dangerfield (or is it Dennis Drucker?) was really Constantine. That would require an ABC/Vertigo crossover, though, and we don't anticipate that happening any time soon.

Dear Moore, Williams, Gray, and Klein,

I read *Promethea* for the first time while researching a final project on the art history of comics, and I was amazed after page one. It was one of the first books I'd opened since my Marvel days of fifth grade and a long way from the faded newsprint, flat coloring, and simplistic art that had caused me to lose interest in the medium all those years ago. The panel design alone is fascinating in its ability to communicate mood and tell the story, but the added compositional strength of the art itself makes the book visually irresistible. The colors are striking, the emotion is palatable, and the surrealism stands on its own two feet, rather than feeling like a Dali rip-off. The historical perspective of the writing, combined with the presence of Joseph Campbell's hero myth, the complexity of Sophie's mixed identity, and the believability of the characters make *Promethea* a stand-out among comics. When I read *Promethea* I'm totally immersed in her universe, in the Immateria, because the text and visuals mesh so powerfully. The concept itself represents a kind of sophistication usually reserved for art films and conventional written work. But *Promethea* is never haughty. It never rests on its laurels and it never feels distastefully artsy-fartsy. The sophistication is engrossing and doesn't sacrifice the pure fun of reading a comic book. My interest in Promethea has been sparked at the perfect time. As a senior in high school, I'll be participating in the Senior Project Program. Students who remain in good standing are released for several weeks in May and June to complete a project of their choice. I've checked the WildStorm website, and although I understand that interns aren't currently being taken on, I'd like to voice my interest. If an internship isn't a possibility, the chance to shadow the Promethea team, ask a question or two, and bounce a few ideas off of such talented artists would be invaluable. Thanks for your time and your art.

Sincerely,
Aaron Weinblatt
Ann Arbor, MI

Aaron, while we can certainly understand wanting to spend some time around the Promethea crew, the fact is that it'd be difficult and expensive to do so. Alan's in England, J. H. and Mick are in Northern California, and Todd, according to some stories, doesn't exist on the physical plane at all. Other reports have him living in New Jersey.

But we're delighted that our little book has re-ignited your interest in the medium of comics, and have every hope that you'll look around and pick up some of the excellent work you've been missing since the fifth grade.

## NEXT ISSUE:

If this were a cheesy action movie, we'd say, "It's PAYBACK time!" But it's not, so we won't. Just be here, okay?